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KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two little brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver; and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks—
Half in thought and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the browness of his cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak;
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half:"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls,"
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep!"

"Will you trust me, Katie dear,
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No—but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is the cottage, where to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone—
This is long, and deep and wide,
And has rockers on the side.

A Paper that Pleased Everybody.

There is an editor who has achieved the feat of running a newspaper to suit everybody. Occasionally, to be sure, he has complaints, but he never fails to satisfy the complainers that they are wrong. He only adopted the system after he got desperate. It was one fine day after he received seven complaints that he adopted it. A man came in and said: "Why in tophet didn't you print the whole of the proceedings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hogs?" The editor replied: "Oh, you made a speech that wasn't in the report, eh?" Then he went around the counter. The dust flew for a few moments and then it became more quiet. The editor relaxed his grip on the man's throat sufficiently to let him speak, and he said he guessed the article was all right, and he had only come to renew his subscription. He was let up, paid his money and left, and as he went out he collided with a man who had an ugly glare in his eyes, and dancing up to the editor said: "What d'ye mean, sir? I pay for a sensible newspaper, and get a lot of truck about cruelty to hogs. You ought to be put in jail for printing such ridiculous stuff."

The editor went around the counter again and again the dust flew. It was fully five minutes before the editor could get the man's coat torn off and put him on the floor with his head in the coal scuttle. But he did it at last. The man said: "We need't prolong this agony. Your paper is the best in the world. I'll take it ten years in advance." Eight more visitors had the same experience. Then came one that the editor couldn't thrash. It was a woman: "What d'ye mean by publishing fashion articles from three-year-old magazines?" she asked. "I made a bonnet according to your directions and it is three years behind the style. Oh, you wretch! You mean, horrid, insignificant—oh oh!" "My dear madam," he said, "you are right. I am not fit to run a paper. I will stop at once." (To a reporter.) "John don't send up any more copy. Kill that article saying this lady was the belle of the ball last night." "Stop!" she cried. "Your paper is a household treasure. I don't care about the bonnet, and I came to ask you to our house to tea to-night." The editor says he wouldn't drop the rule for anything. Everybody leaves satisfied with his paper

Seen through Different Spectacles.

It is curious how people of different countries differ from one another, especially when they are visiting foreign lands. The author of a recent English novel, "A Matter of Fact Girl," describes some of our fellow citizens in England as "a large party of noisy, loud-talking Americans, the women, as usual, very much over dressed, and far more voluble than the men, and all on such equal terms of intimacy that the query as to which are brothers and sisters or husbands and wives, or merely friends, or whether they may not all belong to some of the patriarchal family from Utah, was a perpetual and rather exciting mystery to Berrie," the heroine. What a different impression the behavior of English girls makes in the United States. A San Francisco paper says that "On a recent evening during the band playing at the Palace Hotel, two young damsels, who were unmistakably not Americans, attracted the attention of all by the way in which they paraded around the court yard in their ordinary house dress, quite innocent of cloak and hat, accompanied by one of the male sex, who ought to have known better than to allow them to remain in such a place so attired. Finally they took up their stand on the mat on which the baggage is usually dumped, where they were joined by several other British youths (each with the inevitable umbrella), and then above the strains of the band arose their voices in talk and laughter, as though the place was for them alone, and the other intruders were of so little importance as to be unnoticeable. Let any American girl so comport herself in any public place of Her Britannic Majesty's dominions and she is immediately proclaimed bold, unwomanly, fast, worse.

A Dozen Waterspouts.

A reliable traveler tells the following about waterspouts:

We left Aspinwall on the 11th of May for New York. The weather was good until the 17th. At or about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day Captain Williams and a number of the officers, crew and passengers were astonished by the appearance of a large waterspout. I have seen this remarkable phenomena before, but never on such a gigantic scale. The first one was seen about six miles away. A stream of water seemed to rise from the level of the ocean, and at the same time another stream descended from the heavens and depended from a dark rain-cloud like a great icicle. The two streams met about midway between sky and water, and then began to move rapidly to the eastward. The base of the waterspout appeared to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and then it tapered toward the middle into an almost imperceptible line. Suddenly it broke, and there was a mighty heaving and tumbling about of the waters in the vicinity. We saw twelve spouts that afternoon during some heavy rain squalls. At one time I saw four of them at once. They looked like lofty spires of a cathedral. Through our glasses we could see that the tops of the spouts were lost in the clouds. It is a scientific fact that the discharge of a cannon in the neighborhood will always cause these water-columns to break. The passengers insisted that the discharge of a pistol would create sufficient vibration in the air to destroy a spout which was a mile away. I loaded my revolver and fired twice at the spout. At the second shot it broke. I don't know whether it was the result of the firing or not, but the thing happened just as I tell you, and at least it was a remarkable coincidence. Every time a spout burst, the top part of it seemed to vanish into vapor, but the under part would rock the sea for miles, and our vessel experienced the violent effects. In fact, all that afternoon the water was disturbed. Several times it was thought we would have to change our course, but the spouts did not approach too near for safety.

Very Sensible Views.

There is much growling lately about newspapers. A man who will denounce a newspaper as indecent, and yet will always subscribe for it, had better close his mouth on the subject of higher journalism. A man who takes a paper and is weak enough to fear its gun, and wishes to spike it by secretly supporting the very form of journalism he pretends to despise, is a very poor creature. The press owes much to the public, and yet that part of the public that deems themselves representative of advanced thought and intelligence, who are in favor of nobler manners and purer laws, owe something to the press and to themselves. They owe it to the press when they ask with owlish solemnity, "Why is not the press loftier in its aim and more decent in its conduct?" to stop supporting papers whose spirit they pretend to spurn. Does any man suppose a newspaper will rise above the dialect of the ditch, the gossip of the gutter, the politics of a police gazette, when it finds that these things tickle and please those who think they stand at the top of society just as keenly as those whom we know wallowed at the bottom! The public that clamors for a purer press can always make the press what it chooses—can always make its choice between journals of good and evil report. The honest man who can not afford to be abused by a disreputable newspaper had best review his honesty, for his action casts suspicion on his conscience. No honest man need pay moral blackmail, by subscribing for an immoral paper.—*Marshall Statesman.*

Life in Large Cities.

Cities are costly luxuries, and the bigger the city the more expensive the luxury. The assessed valuation of property in the city of New York for the year 1825 was $101,160,046, and the tax for that year was $387,448. In 1850 the assessed valuation of property was $207,142,476—having doubled in twenty-five years. The amount of taxes had however, increased eight times, being $3,230,085. In 1875 the assessed valuation had risen to $883 643,545, while the total amount of taxation had reached the enormous sum of $32,367,744—having been multiplied one hundred times in fifty years, while the State tax charged against the city has risen from $50,580 in 1825 to $8,012,386 in 1875. In 1880 the assessed value of property was advanced to $942,-571,690; but the total tax was reduced to $28,937,272, due to the reduction in the State tax levied on the city from $8,000,-000 to $3,571,322, the city tax remaining the same. Another great grievance under which the New York citizens labor and groan is the extravagance and recklessness of the expenditure of the moneys raised by taxation. If we may credit the statements of the journals of that metropolis nearly half the city funds are absolutely squandered, worse than wasted.

A Wonderful Telescope.

The San Francisco *Call* tells an extraordinary story respecting a monster telescope made by Professors Lefevre and Longtour, French scientists, and erected at San Francisco. The lenses are twenty feet in diameter, and this is what happened when the astronomers and their friends turned the instrument to the heavens: "M. Dufrere was the first to apply his eye to the eye-piece of the telescope. For fully five minutes he looked on in speechless amazement, then, without a word, turned away to hide his emotion. One by one the gentlemen present tested the telescope, exhibiting their astonishment in various ways The planet which happened to cast its beams upon the great speculum was Mars, and the revelation is too wonderful for credit. The eye-piece of the lowest magnifying power was first placed on, when the planet presented a most astounding sight. The powerful lens brought the surface of the planet nearer than that of the moon has ever been brought by the most powerful telescope. The green of the sea was brought out in unmistakable color, and one could almost imagine that he could see the waves upon the surface. There before the eye was spread out a splendid panorama of hill and dale, dark yellowish patches that looked like autumn fields, silvery threads that must be rivers, and unmistakable volcanoes in action."

The Fuegians.

The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego are described as a remarkable race—remarkable in so far as they move in the lowest grades of civilization. The men are ugly, the women uglier than the men; and both are copper-colored, have matted black hair, and huge shark-like mouths. Indeed, their mouths must be larger than those of any other known race. Considering the struggles they have for existence and the humidity of the atmosphere they live in, they are more fully fleshed than was anticipated; but, like the trees of their forests, they do not appear long-lived, no old individuals being seen among them. For some time the manner of disposing of their dead remained a mystery, but a woman was found buried in a split in a rock, from which it is inferred that the dead are placed in splits or caverns in rocks and covered with stones. Efforts were made to ascertain where they made their canoes, but they were unsuccessful. Portages made of trees were found, however, over which it was evident canoes had been carried, and it was supposed that the canoes were made in the interior and carried to the seashore. Those who followed the ship did so in bark canoes, and as each successive port was reached went ashore, where they erected for themselves huts of boughs with skins laid roughly over them. The huts were too low for a person to stand upright in, and, like those occupied by Esquimaux, were semi-globular.

In spite of the coldness of the climate, the natives remained almost nude, even during the winter months, though occasionally some threw sealskins over their shoulders. They relied upon coatings of dirt for warmth apart from that they obtained by crouching over fires, but were always shivering with cold outside of their wigwams. So long as they were supplied from the ship with provisions—and these frequently disagreed with them—they would not fish, neither would they work, being in this respect closely akin to their congeners, the Australian aboriginals. Though they have fires, they seem too indolent to cook much, and frequently eat their seal flesh *au naturel*, even when it is decomposed. Those on board the vessel were mild-mannered, but given to annexing articles belonging to the sailors, and on this account a close watch was kept upon them. Generally the race are suspicious of strangers, and until their confidence in them is thoroughly established the women are always sent inland. When their suspicions are dispelled they mingle with Europeans freely enough.

Flocking to the Cities.

The tendency of population to towns and cities has been made the subject of much study and comment of late years. It has been often deprecated as inimical to the general welfare of society. Fruit-growing and gardening is to be commended because of its independence, its healthfulness and its almost invariable remunerativeness.

Very few farmers ever "fail in business;" while in mercantile pursuits ninety-five out of every hundred fail. Despite these startling figures, there is a tendency, that verges upon a mania, to seek business and social life in cities and villages. There are many legitimate and natural reasons for this. Not all men are adapted to farming and kindred vocations. Men who have a natural genius for mechanism will succeed better as artisans than agriculturists. Men with the appetite for merchandise will not hardly be content with the culture of the soil. And so with all callings and professions: men should follow the line of business for which they are naturally qualified.

Social, educational, religious and esthetic reasons also obtain. The advantages of the city, in all these requisitions, are apparent, and not to be denied. It is true that, in their enjoyment, we lose many advantages that pertain to rural life; but, with a large number of people, the attractions of city life outweigh all country attractions. It is well that is should be so The country without villages and cities would be a very desirable one to emigrant from; and the city without its rural surroundings would indeed be very helpless, as well as undesirable place of abode,—in fact, an impossibility. It is obviously in the economy of nature that these two conditions of society should always exist.—*Howard Courant.*

Chinese Beds.

There are two kinds of Chinese beds, and both are arranged for a complete shutting in by means of hanging curtains and tapestry. The expensive kind is like a sort of cage, having a flat wooden roof, just the size of the bed proper, supported at a height of about eight feet from the floor on four corner posts and two intermediate ones. Then there is a sort of frieze or entablature work running around horizontally, above and below, so that when you are in bed you are safely penned in a sort of cage and cannot tumble out. The carving on these beds is sometimes very rich, and they cost much; but the ordinary and cheaper kind is made of two frames of wood shaped something like the skeleton of an old-fashioned "settle," which are stood up on the floor, facing each other. A mattress is placed on the projecting part of these frames, and a couple of slight sticks across the top; then curtains and hangings shut all in, and make it look as pretty as the taste and money of the owner are able. Inside, there is a cotton quilt, laid on the mattress frame. The occupant of the bed lies on this having a little roll of stuff for the head, and for a covering, a very thick cotton quilt

A French physician has called spinach "the broom of the stomach," for it cleanses and purifies this father of a mutinous family when badly treated. This vegetable has a delicate flavor and needs a careful washing; it is then boiled in a small quantity of salt water for fifteen minutes. When drained and pressed from all moisture it is placed in a dish and served with melted butter or egg sauce; there may be a dash of tarragon vinegar added. The spinach is garnished with rings of hard-boiled eggs. After dandelion is carefully washed, pour boiling water over it and let it be steeped until the strong bitter taste has disappeared; then after straining boil the greens fifteen minutes with some salt; drain off all the water and serve with vinegar or lemon juice and water.

Humorous Writing.

Almost every one privately indulges in the idea that he could become a celebrated humorist writer if he were only to try.

He takes up a magazine or newspaper and reads a humorous article, and says to himself: "If I only had time, I could do vastly better than that."

Now, friend, suppose you take the time and try.

If you can produce a first-class humorous sketch, your fortsue is made. You need not plod on in counting-houses or vegetate behind the counter of dry-goods stores selling calico at a profit of two cents a yard. You can just go on with your first-class humor, and fix your own valuation upon it, never fearing but it will be

but the fact of it is, you are a little mistaken. This humorist business is much easier in theory than in practice. Anybody can criticise and find fault with our writers, but the question is can that "anybody" do any better? If so, let him do it.

I think it a very easy and simple thing to sit down with a pen in your fingers and a sheet of paper before you and let the thoughts which shall convulse the world with laughter, and sayings which shall be repeated for years to come.

Well, we are all willing you should try, and when you achieve success we will laugh at your witty things, and sun ourselves in the flash of your diamonds, and never feel any envy. We are apt to look upon humorous writing as a pastime, as requiring less thought and intellectual power than the heavier essays which crowd our reviews; but in this we are mistaken. Your true humorist must have wonderful imagination, observation, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a thorough understanding of men, a generous power of language, delicacy, sensibility, tenderness and a strong love of humankind.—*The Thorn Papers.*

Packing Eggs.

The secret of packing eggs for importation lies in solid packing with an elastic material between the layers. Be sure, especially in the summer season, that the eggs to be shipped are not only sound, but recently laid. The motion of the cars so muddles all eggs not entirely fresh that they appear cloudy and stale, and will soon spoil if they are not already bad. Do not hold lots after they are packed; ship at once while fresh. A New York commission merchant furnishes the following directions for packing eggs for shipment: Use long, stiff barrels. Put two or three inches thickness of long, soft hay or straw evenly over the bottom of the barrel, then fine-cut straw or wheat chaff (never use oat or buckwheat chaff) to a depth of two or three inches, then a layer of eggs laid upon the sides evenly embedded in the packing, with the ends toward the barrel, but fully an inch from the staves. Cover this layer of eggs with packing to the depth of one inch, rub well in between the eggs with the hand. Place about three inches of packing material over the last layer, and then about the same quantity of long straw or hay as at the bottom, filling so high that the head must be pressed by a lever or other mechanical power. This will hold the contents so firmly that they cannot shift in the barrel. In winter guard against frost by using more packing material, leaving the eggs further removed from the packages. Never pack in new oats, straw or chaff; these will sweat and rot the eggs in a short time. Dry oats make good packing material, but are too expensive. Do not crowd too many eggs in one package. For an ordinary flour barrel from sixty-five to seventy dozen are quite sufficient. Put, say, four and a half dozen in the first layer, and increase, half dozen to the layer, up to six and a half dozen in the two middle layers, then decrease again at the same rate. Count carefully and mark the number on the barrel. In warm weather forward the packages by express. When only a small quantity of eggs are sent, and at short distances, those should be packed in mill-board partitions, each square cell, thirty-six in a case, varying on cardboard sheets, one sheet over each layer, and the whole contained in the usual packing-case. Or, with care-packing in straw and chaff, baskets will do. When there is a sufficient quantity to fill it, a barrel makes the best package.—*N. Y. World.*

Fruits for Canning.

Since the preservation of fruits by canning has become so general, it is desirable to know which varieties are best adapted to the purpose. As a rule, those whose taste is sweet or insipid are not desirable, while those that have a decided flavor are to be preferred. Black cap raspberries, sweet cherries and blueberries are among the poorest small fruits for canning, as their flavor is insipid when they are in their best estate, and is impaired by the operation of heating. Strawberries, though most delicious when fresh, become somewhat insipid when cooked. Red raspberries are excellent when canned, but they should, to preserve their flavor and aroma, be put up as soon as they are gathered. Blackberries are inferior to red raspberries, but if canned shortly after they are picked they will come out in very good condition and be well relished. Red and white currants contain too many seeds to be very desirable. It is better to extract their juice and to convert it into jelly. All who relish black currants when fresh will like them after they have been canned. They form an excellent sauce without further cooking, and are in good condition to use in pies and tarts. Gooseberries, if gathered before their skins become tough, are excellent after they are canned. They are especially desirable for eating during the spring, when the appetite craves acid fruits. Early Richmond cherries, all things considered, are the best of all the small fruits for canning. If managed with skill they will retain the color, form, flavor and aroma they had when freshly picked from the tree. Most kinds of plums are good, but owing to their size and firmness of their flesh they require more cooking. Of the sweet fruits there is none better than pears. Even the inferior varieties are excellent when canned. The quince is admirably adapted for canning purposes, being almost the only kind of fruit that is improved by cooking. Being scarce and expensive, there is economy in putting them in the same jars that contain apples or pears of inferior flavor. The larger varieties of crab-apples form a valuable addition to the stock of canned fruits.

BOB INGERSOLL.

BY LE DUKE

The Civil Rights Bill has been declared unconstitutional. We have looked in vain for men to our rescue—those men who fought so valiantly for our emancipation and enfranchisement. For some reason they are still in the rear. Even the old champions of human rights are silent. Wendell Phillips that quickest of all champions—has not been heard from. He may be preparing his magazine for some furious canonading which, when it occurs, will tell some awful stories of the effects of the grape and canister of eloquence; but as yet he is silent. We have looked and looked—even as a shipwrecked mariner strains his vision to discover the signs of relief—but have found but one man who has been brave enough to defend us. This man stands the sole white champion of the rights of the colored people. His broad intellect and generous heart have responded vigorously to the touch of reason and sympathy. When the "great white race" were jollifying over the unfortunate decision and exulting over the removal of the only legal restraint upon the vicious and unprincipled Negro-hater, Bob Ingersoll's heart was bowed low and he gave apt expression to the cruelty of that sentiment and practice which boasted of its tyranny and gloated over its success. As colored people we should be proud of Bob Ingersoll. As lovers of right and justice we should hail him as our champion. We have been disposed to regard Ingersollism as being pernicious in its tendency; and to look upon Bob as we would look upon a devil. The correctness of his life, the purity of his thoughts, his disinterested love for mankind and the strict morality and practicability of his teachings should be appreciated and imitated by the colored people. The host of white clergymen who are vigorous in their announcement that "of one blood are all races of man" and that the human race form one common brotherhood, have as a class been silent and have permitted a decision, the consequences of which will work political damnation to the colored people, to stand unnoticed and without even attempting to mould a sentiment in favor of the equality of men and their rights to all the blessings of civilized society, while Ingersoll came to the front like a brave good man and offered his services to the cause of the full emancipation of all races of men. He has sounded the key note, unfurled the banner of equal rights and now stands ready to do yoeman service for liberty and justice. Should we not be proud of Col. Ingersoll? Should we not utter his name with feelings of profound respect when we recollect that he is the first, of all the millions of civilized white men to speak in our behalf? A sentiment must be made in favor of our rights, the undercurrent must be reached and brought to the service What man, of all the host of learned men and orators of which this country can boast, can do more toward the formation of a proper sentiment and the speedy recognition of our just claims, than Col. Robert G. Ingersoll—that orator, statesman and philanthropist? Let us teach our children that Bob Ingersoll lives to be of service to mankind and that his proudest and happiest moments are spent in lightening the burdens of the unfortunate, and leading men out of the slough of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge and by the side of the still waters of peace and prosperity. And let them not permit the name of this great man to be forgotten but to teach posterity that there lived one man at least who had the courage of honorable convictions and expressed them freely and that that man was Robt. G. Ingersoll.

Editorial Correspondence.

We left here last Monday night on the steamer James Mosely in company with T. B. Warrick, Esq. There was little or no incident on the journey down. On our arrival at Norfolk, after breakfast, we separated, Mr. W. remaining in the city and we crossing the ferry to Portsmouth, to exercise the right of franchise.

We found everybody intent on the political situation, though the polls were not thronged as they were one year ago. One thing was manifest, that the lines were closely drawn between the two parties. The straightouts were conspicuous by their entire absence—they not only had no candidate, they had no existence, for whereas the city gives an average funder majority of 200, Tuesday it gave one of only thirty—a readjuster gain. Had the State gone as did Portsmouth, Mahone would have won by at least twenty thousand instead of being defeated by that number. The same cause which brought all our forces to the polls in "the twin cities by the sea" would have insured us success.

The Danville riot had its influence without doubt in keeping away colored men from the polls in Danville, Pittsylvania, Halifax Mecklenburg and perhaps Henry counties; but the spirit which made the Danville butchery possible, which issued a flaming circular full of appeals to race prejudice, had its influence all over the State in causing the defection of many white readjusters. This is evidenced by the returns from the Valley and the Southwest.

The straightout element of dissatisfied white politicians under the generalship of Dezendorf and Wickham, by which a sufficient number of republican votes was thrown away or openly cast for the funder candidates, lost us such counties as Princess Anne, Norfolk, Southampton and Nansemond.

There were some mistakes, not to say blunders in the readjuster canvass, which lost us at least one Senatorial district and indifference manifested as to readjuster nominees which may probably account for the defeat in Charlotte and other counties.

The Funders have won by such a decided majority that no one need be surprised if it become two-thirds before the session is over. This will enable them to undo much salutary legislation and inaugurate all the reactionary schemes which they have in mind.

This makes it sure that another year will find all the anti-bourbon elements united—not under the leadership of Dezendorf or Wickham—marching solidly under the banner of National Republicanism.

A visit to the public schools in the city of Portsmouth and to the office of the Virginia *Baptist Companion* will afford us a topic in our next.

J. W. C.

Don't Allow Talent to Rust.

As by constant friction steel is kept highly polished, so by constant exercise is talent ever at its brightest. All our powers grow by use. If we neglect to cultivate the habit of observation, we might as well walk through the world blindfolded.

We lose our faculty—what artists call our "touch"—by neglect of practice on other things besides the piano. The man who seldom reads, reads slowly; the woman whose writing is confined to an infrequent letter to some absent child, spends more time over that than does a practiced writer over a dozen pages of manuscript. Exercise of possessed talent is absolutely necessary, then, if we would retain our gifts.

For example: If our occupation is sedentary, we ought to plan for walks, rides, and active games, to keep our muscles lithe and serviceable. But if our employment gives us enough muscular action, it is not one whit less important to our health of body that we should plan for mental exercise—for employment enough of memory and our reasoning powers to keep them from rusting. And, in either case, that life must be a dwarfed and unhealthty one that does not provide exercise for our spiritual faculties—for worship, and charity, and patience, and magnanimity.

Exercise of soul, mind, and body, can alone bring us to the stature of the perfect man.

A Galveston school teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, he remarked to the boy: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."—*Galveston News.*

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts., N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

"To Your Tents, O Israel!!"

The time has come when the colored people must think and act for themselves. We can no longer rely entirely upon the friendship or the disposition of our party friends. True, they are willing and ready to *help* us, but they have more than once intimated, in no uncertain sound, that they can no longer make us the object of their special solicitude; that they have bolstered and propped, protected and defended us long enough, and that now we must strike out for ourselves, assured of their *moral* support and encouragement. They have in substance said to us: "Utilize your elective force, your native intelligence and your education in the formation of such political and social movements as shall tend to produce unity of purpose, touching the surest means of your material and mental development; and we will help you all we can" This they have said, and this they *mean*.

Now, the question which rings out of this admonition as clear and unmistakable as the shrill clarion notes, is, How shall *we* make practicable those constitutional and statutory provisions which have declared our equality of citizenship and to secure to ourselves and our children the fullest enjoyment of all the privileges and immunities to which in our civil capacity all are justly entitled? Our destiny is in our own hands. We can by apathy, by lack of unity, by failing to appreciate the proper methods of remedy to be resorted to, completely destroy our chances for full emancipation. But this must not be. We can, by accepting the issue, by taking advantage of the results of our observation and by applying the tests of mild, though persistent, retaliation, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. The white people of the south are not just. After having stolen from us the worth of two hundred years' hard labor; after having bound us in chains and fetters, mentally as well as physically; after having surrounded us with the most demoralizing social evils; after having received our protection and devotion while they were completely at our mercy, during the late civil war, they now reward us by ignoring every claim we have upon citizenship, every tie that should bind together the members of a body politic, and withhold from us all sympathy and all encouragement. From the close of the war the treatment of the southern whites toward the colored people has been simply brutal. Riot, bloodshed, devestation and misery have followed the colored people wherever they went. Ku Klux Klans and Whiteliners, the scum of the south, have done their work and have left the colored people to choose between life and death. They have said to us, "You cannot remain with us if you insist on being our equals." We are given our place, and woe to him who dares assert his full manhood! How we can remedy our unfortunate condition is a matter which we should be seriously considering. We perform all the labor at the south. What would be the effect upon our white brothers if a movement were made to quit the south? When they see the laborer leave their farms, their workshops and their plantations, would they not call them back, and promise to deal honorably with them? When they see skinny-fingered starvation staring them in the face, would they not show a disposition to encourage the much-abused colored man? The propriety of emigrating to the west, where there are millions of acres of fertile lands seems to us very apparent. The southern white man is holding his land. He will not permit the colored people to purchase. The south is becoming more and more prosperous, and in that proportion will it become less probable that the landholders will sell to colored people. The west beckons us on. Immigrants from Europe are flocking west and are taking up lands. A few years will see the best lands taken up by these people, while the colored people are eking out a miserable existence, vainly hoping that the day will come when they can purchase lands from the former master. That day will never come. We should at once form companies who will go west, take up lands and by industry and perseverence rear homes for our children where they may be free from the vicious tendencies of southern society. By leaving the south, we will be enabled to administer a rebuke to our former masters which will make them regret their conduct toward us, and be disposed to treat the colored people who remain with proper consideration. Let us be slaves no longer. Let us give the vicious, arrogant and tyrannical southern autocrat a practical illustration of the right of locomotion, and we will be doing ourselves and them a favor. Let us emigrate! Westward ho!!

The Elections.

The Republicans can congratulate themselves on the general result of Tuesday's elections. We have redeemed New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts by the election of republicans by large majorities. In Virginia Mahone lost by a combination of forces which will enable the republicans and those who are opposad to Bourbon rule to win next year. Butler is defeated, and the Democrats outside of Massachusetts are glad. He will not now receive the presidential nomination from the Democracy. Mahone has lost, but it does not henceforth follow that the south is solid.

Ohio proved a Bull Run. Senator Lapham's remarks at the republican convention of his state was a prophecy.

The Republicans enter upon the presidential struggle with renewed hopes. The democrats have control of the National House of Representatives by a strong majority, and will be placed on the defensive, for they are morally bound to repeat their blunders. The republicans, however, will do well not to count too much from this source.

In Virginia the control of legislation has passed into the hands of the funders. They declared in their platform at Lynchburg that they accept the solution of the debt question as settled. Will they not try to reopen it? They took advanced ground on the school question, will they keep their pledges? We have no faith in their promises. We await their performance with strong incredulity. Especially will we scrutinize the action of Gen. Wickham because of his republican antecedents and republican professions. He has some satisfaction in being elected. Now where will he place himself on the important questions of the finances, the school administration and apportionment.

Virginia has not lost all. We advise the republicans to get themselves ready for 1884, but to accept all friendly aid, even though it be under the leadership of Mahone.

For it is now fully established that united, the Bourbon Democrats can be vanquished; but when we are divided they can invariably defeat us.

We greet Rev. E. M. Brawley, the editor of the *Baptist Pioneer*, of Selma, Ala. He is a true man, unflinching in his devotion to the right as he understands it, uncompromising in his dealings with the enemies of our progress. His record in South Carolina shows that he can make himself felt. We welcome him into the fraternity.

The Danville riot is but the legitimate result of the bitter canvass begun there by the Funders. The immediate occasion is trifling in comparison with the murderous purpose of the Democracy who raised the delusive issue of African domination.

We cannot begin to publish one-half of the opinions given by colored men all over the country on "The Civil Rights" decision.

When a man with the high social standing and legal reputation of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll takes his place as the champion of the rights imperiled by the recent decision, on the ground of our common humanity, and signifies his readiness by tongue and pen to appeal in our behalf, to the public sentiment of the country; further, when by a legal review of the decision, he cites opinion after opinion rendered by members of the same supreme court, where in a contrary doctrine to that held in the present cases was followed, he shows that he fulfils all the conditions of one able and willing to counsel and lead us in the present dilemma.

Sumner is dead, but Ingersoll is alive and while his brain is active and his tongue possesses its functions, we are sure of an advocate whom the Nation will be compelled to heed.

It was by no means creditable some of the gentlemen who took [illegible] in the Ruffin pow-wow that they [illegible] not content themselves with express[illegible] their disapprobation of the arrangem[illegible] concerning the Ingersoll lecture—t[illegible] went further; they worked hard [illegible] make the meeting a failure, by [illegible] couraging people from attending. [illegible] civil rights are worth very little inde[illegible] if we cannot pay fifty-cents to rais[illegible] sum to further the circulation of su[illegible] an able speech as that of Col. Ingerso[illegible]

By the great fire at Savannah, Ga[illegible] last week, hundreds of colored familie[illegible] have been made houseless, several per[illegible]sons were burned and a loss of severa[illegible] hundreds of thousands of dollars was en[illegible]tailed. Our churches and societies should respond to the urgent necessities of our brethren in that distant southern city. We are quite sure that any funds sent in the care of the *Echo* of that city will be properly applied.

Light Wanted.

We desire to ask the *National Republican* whether the Republican party intend to allow the Democratic party to obtain control of this country by force of arms? If so, the colored people would like to be warned; for in the general "gorge" and "smash up," they prefer to be spectators rather than participants.

Received from the author and pub[illegible]lisher, Wm. Still, Esq., a revised editio[illegible] of "The Underground Railroad," being the records of the experience of Mr. Still while chairman of the Vigilant Committee of the Philadelphia Branch of the Underground Railroad. It is printed on beautiful white paper, handsomely bound, and is illustrated with 70 fine engravings and portraits from photographs from life.

The book contains, besides these experiences, the sketches of some of the eminent friends of freedom and most liberal aiders and advisers of the road.

Reading these experiences to-day after a lapse of two-thirds of a generation they seem more like fiction than sad re[illegible]alities within the personal knowledge [illegible] many men, now living. They will furnish most valuable material for the hi[illegible]rian and the romancer, and prove hig[illegible] instructive to the youth of the coun[illegible] For sale only by subscription.

Rev. J. H. Presley, who sails to [illegible]ca with Rev. W. W. Colley, Dec[illegible] has composed a hymn entitled [illegible] Missionary's Farewell," a copy of [illegible] any one can obtain by sending six[illegible] to R. T. Hill & Co., 212 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

GUN-SHOT POLICY.

BY ARGUS.

The Danville riot was a signal success, from a Democratic standpoint. An inoffensive colored man was walking down the street about his business when, according to a concocted plan, a white man made it his business to shove said colored man off the pavement and at the same time to insist that the colored man should apologize. The colored man, not being the offender, questioned the demand and a few words passed, when suddenly there came armed white men (hell-hounds, I mean) who shot into the crowd of colored people who had gathered to hear and see what caused the trouble, and *then* ordered them to disperse. Think of it. Because a colored man does not show a willingness to apologize for being kicked and knocked about by a white man, he must be shot down like a dog! The contemptuous and bloody villains who "cut and dried" the affair, too cowardly to confess their crime, hastened to telegraph the news and to distort it by disgraceful lies, into a Negro "uprising." It is a pity that it was not an uprising. If it had been, I venture the assertion that there would have been at least one cowardly, long-haired, lank jawed "rebel" to bite the dust. As it was, the white men escaped serious injurious, except from those brainless, heartless murderers who, not content with killing Negroes to produce political results, shot at and wounded three of their own number. The suggestion had been promulgated by the press that, if a Negro could only be induced to kill a white man in a political brawl, the grand Old Dominion would rise against Mahonism and "nigger dominance" and sweep things for the Bourbons. The lie that a white man had been killed by a Negro had gone forth and the result was a victory for the Bourbons. The liberal party has been stabbed in the back even by Republicans and traduced and defeated by the enemies of freedom and good government. What can be said of that set of "straightouts" who to satisfy their revenge, forced into the ditch the only party which was willing and able to be of substantial service to the colored people of Virginia? Is Judas Iscariotism the term? Now what are the colored people to do? If they vote their convictions, they are threatened with extermination. They are told that there is a point in society beyond which we cannot reach and that that point is just where we are made the tools and fools for unprincipled whites with no hope of ever possessing those jewels of citizenship which characterize free, independent citizens. If we must remain in the south, I advise every colored man in Virginia to purchase a first class fowling piece or an English Bull Dog for the purpose of protection. Let him not brandish it about threateningly, but keep it in his house on the shelf, well oiled and well charged, in order that when his house is attacked or his life endangered he may retaliate by taking "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." I further advise that secret societies be formed for mutual protection and that should any man invade our natural or equal rights in justice to ourselves we should make an example of him. Let us have two sides to this killing business. Let us not be aggressive, but when our cause is just let us not leave our posts until the ends of justice are subserved. We have been suppliants long enough and now that we have been commanded to "paddle our own canoe" let us do it like men. There are but three things to be done; first, leave the south, secondly, *flght* for our rights or thirdly, submit like beggars to tyranny and oppression. The first two can be done in a manly way, but the last can only be the choice of cowards and things who deserve to be neither respected nor pitied. Let us reason together and find a way out of this horrible dilemma.

A Nuptial Reception.

At 7 P. M., Thursday evening, Oct 25, The marriage and reception of Mi s Nora Watkins and Chas. A. Harris took place at No. 34 Melrose street, Boston.

The Rev. Mr. Prescott officated who abbreviated the ceremony, owing to the fear of the groom, who thought that there might yet be a slip between "the cup and the lip." Knowing that his attention and care had been so long rendered toward Miss Nora, before he had pleasure of her consent to unite in matrimony, he thought best to get through by the short ceremony. The bride was handsomely dressed in brocade white satin, trimmed with orange blossoms, with jewelry and natural flowers. The groom was very suitably attired in a handsome full dressed suit. After the ceremony was over the happy couple seated in the reception room received, the congratulations and good wishes of the invited guest and their many friends. So numerous were they that those who came later, could see the bridal couple with difficulty. His many friends showed their appreciation by their many valuable gifts. Of the presents received were a pair of japanese vases presented by Mr. Geo. W. White, a silver water pitcher, by Mr. Frank Thompson; a silver pickle dish by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Johnson; a handsome family bible by the bellmen of the Vendome Hotel; a silver water pitcher by Mr. C. A. Scott of Richmond, Va.; a handsome card basket by Mr. E. A. Schuyler; a good sum of money by Rev. Mr. Prescot, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherds; a set of china presented by J. W. Wolcott, proprietor of the Vendome Hotel; a chamber toilet set by Mr. J. J. Ellis. Many other handsome and valuable presents were made which we have not time to describe. Among those present were Messers B. Williams of Boston, D. W. Bryant of Richmond, Va., and Simmons of Boston, J. J. Powell, correspondent of the New York *Globe*, C. Harris of Philadelphia, J. Sheaff of Baltimore, Geo. Sparrow of Boston, Austin Gray, A. C. Gassaway, J. H. Hawkins of Wasnington, D. C., and N. W. Collins of Baltimore. The reception was as grand an affair as has been witnessed in Boston for many a long day. Every thing was there to help to add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the guests. Refreshments were in abundance and they were of the finest quality. The reception kept up until a late hour when all retired with pleasant remembrances of the occasion.
Boston Mass., Oct. 25th, '83.

The second edition of the *Literary Enterprise* is replete with solid, instructive and highly interesting matters. It is a journal whose motto is, "Excelsior" and with its able staff of writers—viz—Rev. J. C. Price, Rev. S. P. Hood and Dr. J. N. Gloucester (whose learned medical treatise, being delayed too late for publication in the transfer to our office, will appear in our next issue)and the substantial co-operation of our people by their subscriptions to the same, it will be a powerful instrument for good in the elevation of the race. Send in your subscriptions at once. One dollar per year, postage paid.

"Going to School."

Class in geography, stand up. Now, who can tell me who was King of the Cannibal Islands 400 years ago? What, can no one answer this gravely important query?" Is it possible that you have knowingly kept yourselves in the dark on a point which may one day decide the fate of the nation? Very well; the entire class will stay an hour after school as a punishment.

The "B" class in geography will please arise and come forward for trial and sentence. Now, then, in what direction from San Francisco are the Mangrove Islands? What! can no one answer? And you boys expect to grow up and become business men, and you girls to become wives, and yet don't know whether the Mangrove Islands are north-east or south-west of San Francisco! I shall send these boys up to the principal to be thrashed, and the girls will have no recess.

"The class in history will now take the prisoner's box, and tell the jury whether sunflower seeds are among the exports of Afghanistan. No answer? None of you posted on this momentous question? Two-thirds of you on the point of leaving school to mingle in the busy scenes of life, and yet you do not know whether Afghanistan exports sunflower seeds or grindstones! For five years I have labored here as a teacher, and now I find that my work is thrown away. Go to your seats and I will think up some mode of punishment befitting your crime.

The advanced class in mathematics will now step forward. One of you please step to the blackboard and illustrate the angular rectangle north-east corner of a quadrangle. What! No one in all this class able to make that simple illustration? James and John and Joseph and Henry, you expect to become merchants, and Mary and Kate and Nancy and Sarah, you are all old enough to get married, and yet you confess your ignorance of angular rectangular quadrangulers before the whole school! John, suppose you become a wholesale grocer. Do you expect to buy tea and sugar and coffee and spices, and sell the same again without reference to quadrangles? Mary, suppose you go to the store to buy four yards of factory at ten cents a yard. How are you going to be certain that you have not been cheated if you cannot figure the right angle of a triangle? Ah, me! I might as well resign my position and go home and die, for the next generation will be so ignorant that all educated persons will feel themselves strangers and outcasts."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Consumption.

Physicians used to hold that a fatal issue must follow the formation of tubercles on the lungs. So long as tubercular formations could be arrested, there was hope of a patient's recovery; but when these had planted themselves in the lungs, their growth was inevitable and fatal. But nature is wiser than physicians, and teaches those who study her ways valuable lessons. Careful dissection in recent years has brough to light many curious facts. Foremost among these is the certainty that consumption, in its tubercular form, is often cured. A series of post-mortem examinations, in an Edinburgh hospital, disclosed the fact that the lungs of one-third of the persons who died after 30 years of age bore marks of tubercles whose growth had been checked, and in many cases the disease wholly cured. Part of the lungs have even been destroyed, and the cavities filled by the contraction and adhesion of the walls. In some cases brous tissue had completely inclosed the parts disintegrated by the disease. If consumption is curable, as these facts seem to indicate, scientific physicians will never rest till they have ascertained the most effective methods of treatment.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

All barbers can't razor beard.

A man finds himself in bad company when he is beside himself.

Ice cream is said to contain trichinæ. Every young man should send a copy of this issue to his girl.

Generally speaking, outside of the legal fraternity there is not a great deal of clothing in a law-suit.

Said Fitznoodle, "My wife is farily crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

Time is money and money is time, for when you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps it is a quarter to two.

It is now believed that the oleomargarine factories put hair in their goods, thus rendering it more difficult of detection than ever.

He had been telling her stories of himself and had done a great amount of bragging. When he had finished she kissed him and murmured. "This is a kiss for a blow."

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain; but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to be still.

Speaking of farmers' horses, the *National Live Stock Journal* says the kind of animal needed by most farmers is one weighing from twelve hundred to fifteen hundrnd pounds, and fifteen and a half to sixteen hands high, compact, vigorous, hardy and docile. If, beyond this, it has fine form and style allied to good action, so much the better.

Buckwheat may be made profitable upon a piece of rough or newly cleared ground. No other crop is effective in mellowing rough, cloddy land. The seed in northern localities should be sown before July 12; otherwise early fall frosts may catch the crops. Grass and clover may sometimes be sown successfully with buckwheat.

Entomologists use a mixture of sour beer and molasses, spread on the trunks of trees or on boards in the evening, to attract moths. It has been suggested that it would be a good way to destroy the moths of worms destructive to fruit by poisoning the liquid applied.

The Bostonians on a certain memorable occasion, when they disguised themselves as Indians, were only indulging in a rural recreation. They were taking tea in the 'arbor.

There is no influence in the world so refining as that of nature, and none at such little cost.

'Does Might Make Right?

THE TABLES TURNED.—A HACKMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS THE RULES OF RAILROAD TARIFFS.

A communistic person identified with the dangerous classes of the Comstock and notorious for his disregard of truth and contempt for vested rights, has just returned from a visit to San Francisco. This morning he endangered the good name of the *Chronicle* by entering its editoral room. The nihilist declared that he had "a good thing on Stanford and Steve Gage," but he supposed the *Chronicle*, like the rest of the corrupt and time-serving press, would be afraid to publish it.

"Tell your story," said the editor with dignity, gazing inquiringly at the boot of the socialist, which was resting upon the editoral table. The boot remained there, however, while the following ridiculous narrative was delivered:

It's fine weather at the bay, and everybody who can afford it takes a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were walking along Kearny Street, and when they got to the corner of Bush the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow and remarked:

"Steve, it's too hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?"

"Have we time?" inquired Mr. Gage, pulling out his watch. So did the Governor, who replied

"There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have out my horses. Let's take a hack, and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the drives."

So they got into a coupe and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the governor and Gage alighted.

"What's the fare?" asked the governor.

"On'y $15, guv'nur."

"What!" yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

"Fifteen dollars," repeated cabby, unbuttoning his coat and spitting on his hands.

'But my good man," protested the governor, "such a charge is exorbitant. The law confines you to a reasonable price for your services, and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance."

"Hang the law!" growled cabby. "My money bought and paid for this hack an' hosses, an' as Guv'nor Stanford said in his letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, '*the essence of ownership is control*.'"

"Hem!" coughed the governor, looking slyly at Steve, who began to grin. "That's all well enough when applied to my railroads, but—but—er, now if you charge us fiftpen dollars to bring us to the park, what on earth would you charge us to take us to the Cliff House?"

"Five dollars."

"From here?"

"No; from the city."

"But it's twice the distance!"

"Yes, but it's a *competitive point*. Fifteen to the park, five to the Cliff. No hoggin' about it. *Through rates to the Cliff, local rates back to the park added*—just as you fellers do when you charge $300 for drawing a carload of stuff from New York to 'Frisco, and make it $800 if you drop the car at Elko, about 500 miles nearer New York."

It was Steve's turn to cough and the governor's to grin.

"Well, said the governor with a sigh, "take us to the Cliff."

At the Cliff House the governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals, and filled their lungs with the seabreeze. Suddenly Steve clapped himself on the leg and cried out:

"By jove, governor! I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the sheriff is to sell at 3 o'clock. It's 2 now. If we miss that, a chance to save at least a thousand dollars will be gone."

"Good heavens!" cried the governor snatching out his watch, "let's hurry back at once. Driver! Oh, driver!"

"Here, sir," answered cabby, who had been leaning over the balcony parapet within ear-shot, "here, sir."

"We want to return to town immediately," cried Mr. Gage.

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," said cabby, slowly chewing a straw, "but I'll take my pay in advance, if it's all the same to you gents."

The governor growled somewhat between his teeth and tendered him $5.

"Taint enough," said cabby contemptuously.

"In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go?" snorted the governor. "How much more do you want?"

"Five hundred more," calmly replied the hackman.

"Hey?" shrieked Steve and the governor.

"Five hundred, an' not a cent less," replied cabby.

"How sir—er—damme, sir! how do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentlemen four or five miles?" spurted the governor

"I base my charge on '*what the traffic will bear*,' same as the railroad does," replied the hackman, with a grin. "If taters is sellin' in Los Angelos for fifty cents a bushel and at $3 a bushel at Tucson, you fellers charge the poor devil of a rancher $2.50 a bushel to haul his taters to Tucson and gobble all the profit. Now, I ain't a hoggish as that. I heered Mr. Gage say if he could get into town by 3 o'clock he could make a thousand dollars. As there ain't no other hack here, I'm as good as monopoly for this wunst as any blasted railroad on earth; but ain't so greedy. I don't want all you can make by usin' my hack. I'm willin' to get along with *half*.

With a dismal groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pockets and counted out the money.

"Now, see here," said cabby, as he closed the door of the hack on his victims. "I've done for wunst what you roosters day in an' day out have been doin' for years, an' made your millions by it. I happened to be able to give you a small dose of yer own medicine for wunst, an' I don't want you to do no kickin.' I know you kin send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles, but if you jails me I'll have to have your blood when I get out, an' don't you forget it."

Hereupon the hackman clapped the door to with a bang, and climbing to his seat drove at a rattling pace to the place where the sheriff was about to sell out poor Smith.

Smith was a coal dealer who didn't have special rates.

When the nihilist had finished this absurd and libelous tale he took his foot off the editoral desk, laughed hoarsely and departed for the nearest saloon.

—The thirty-fourth anniversary of the Sabbath School Union of the District of Columbia will take place at the 19th-st Baptist church Sunday, November 18th, commencing at 3 o'clock, p. m. The exercises, which will include the installation of the recently elected officers, will be of an imposing character, judging from the extraordinary arrangements prepared by the secretary, Mr. C. C. Freeman. A cordial invitation is extended to all schools and lovers of this work to be present.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. R. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—It was lively at Bethel Literary Tuesday night.

—"The Bee" resumes its humming today, let it hum.

—The Baptist Sunday school union meets at Mt. Carmel church Sunday afternoon.

—All the officers of the Literary were re-elected unanimously to serve another year.

—We want at once a canvasser and a collector for South Washington. Apply any day at our office after 4 p. m.

—To-morrow Rev. W. H. Brooks enters upon the second year of his ministry at the 19th St., Baptist Church.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Mrs. Peyton Winfield, formerly of this city but now of Philadelphia, paid a short visit to her friends here this week.

—Mr. C. D. Johnson has been requested to form a class which shall furnish music for the Literary.

—Rev. C. S. Smith, of the A. M. E. church, made quite a "hit" at the Literary Tuesday night.

—The funeral services of Mrs. Harriet Gardner took place at St. Luke's Episcopal church last week.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. S. D. Camper is slowly improving from his long and serious attack of rheumatism.

—We are sorry to announce the illness of Mrs. W. H. Grimshaw, who has been confined to her house for several weeks.

—It is rumored that there will be another wedding sometime in the coming month, in the vicinity of 17th street, northwest.

—The concert at Ebenezer M. E. church under the auspices of the Sabbath school was a decided success.

—L. T. Lomack, esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, spent last week in our city, and left on Sunday for Annapolis to visit his father.

—A concert and exhibition will take place at the Fifth Baptist church on Vermont avenue, between Q and R streets Thursday evening, the 15th inst. Mr. Calvin D. Johnson is conductor and Miss Estelle V. Wood the pianist.

—Rev. Geo. W. Moore, of Lincoln Memorial Congregational church, expects his family to arrive in the city to-day. His accomplished wife will add greatly to our already excellent musical circle.

—A young colored man, Arthur Simmons, jr., was appointed by Mr. Rounds, the Public Printer, as an apprentice in the Bindery of the Government Printing office, on the 3d instant.

—The friends of Mrs. Bruce, the sister of Misses Mattie and Carrie Pryor, will be grieved to learn of her sudden illness. She is thought to be in a critical condition.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Rev. B. T. Tanner has quite ready to put in hands of the printer the MSS. of a book entitled "An Outline of Our history and government in catechistical form. For young African Methodist Churchmen.

—Mrs. Mary Morse accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Green on their bridal trip to Chicago, Ill., she being a very intimate friend of the bride.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Mr. D. J. Washington thoroughly understands all the different branches of the tinsmith's trade especially those relating to the repair and fitting up of stoves. He is pretty generally patronized. His place of business is 1463 P street, where he will receive all orders.

—Rev. H. V. Plummer, assisted by Rev. W. B. Johnson, will preach the sermon at the Baptist Sunday school union at 3 o'clock to-morrow.

—The lecture room of the 19th St., Baptist Church was literally packed last Monday evening, the occasion being a Martha Washington tea party, given by the Industral Club connected with the church. Many characters appeared, among them Miss Lydia Powell as Martha and Ellis Brown as George Washing. The affair was a grand success.

—Mrs. Josephine Davis has on hand a first class assortment of the best fruits and finest candies at her establishment—714 K street, N. W. Single-handed and alone she has built up from small beginnings her business to its present respectable propoetions. She well deserves the patronage of the public. Our race especially should be proud of her buslness success.

—Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Jennie Arnold, of Alexandria, Va., to Dr. H. L. Harris, now of Petersburg. The happy event will take place next Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, at the First Baptist church of Alexandria, Va.

Mr. Arthur St. A. Smith has been appointed an instructor in the Industrial Department of Howard University. He has charge of the apprentices in the art of printing. The class is composed of both sexes, and numbers about forty students.

—The Author's Carnival for the benefit of the 15th street Presbyterian Church will be continued during next week. See advertisement found in another column for full particulars.

—Mr. R. S. Wilkerson, a promising young colored gentleman of Beaufort, S. C., has passed the West Point examination and been admitted. He should exert his best energies and stick. Mr. Alexander seems to be prospering, and so may the Carolinian.—*New Era.*

Bethel Literary.

Mr. J. D. Baltimore, the South Washington engineer, read a really interesting paper Tuesday evening, entitled "Elements of Success." It was listened to with strict attention. The paper was clear, logical, and replete with practical advice to the young of both sexes. The paper was well received and was discussed by Messrs. Isaac Norman, E. J. Waring, and Revs. Geo. W. Moore and C. S. Smith. Miss Mattie L. Hoy read an original poem on the subject which was well received. Mr. Dean began (*logically*) to pull down Mr. Baltimore's paper by first attacking Mr. B's definition of the word "elements" and his application of that word to things material. Rev. C. S. Smith thereupon proceeded to pull down Mr. Dean's definition and argument, in which he was more successful than was Mr. Dean. Lewis H. Douglass put a question or two as usual. Misses Estelle V. Wood and Gussie Black rendered a beautiful instrumental duet. Mr. J. W. Cromwell was not present, being in Virginia exercising his elective franchise. Had he been present he would undoubtedly have contributed much to the discussion. Mrs. Cary and A. St. A. Smith were conspicuously absent. Mr. Calvin D. Johnson and Mr. George H. Richardson were present but said nothing. C. D. J.

West Washington News

On Sunday last all the churches were crowded, that being the first Sabbath in the month, when the Lord's Supper is administered. In the Ebenezer A. M. E. church, of which Rev. Mr. Brown is the pastor, the Lord's Supper was administered in the forenoon, and the pastor preached to a crowded house on Sunday night.

Rev. S. Alexander, of the First Baptist church, immersed two souls in Rock Creek Sunday noon, which was witnessed by a large concourse of persons. He administered the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, and added seven to his membership. His pulpit was filled Sunday night by Rev. M. Lamkin, of Howard university.

Mt. Zion M. E. church, of which Rev. Alexander Dennis is pastor, still continue their revival meetings with great success. They are having many converts, and the anxious bench is crowded with mourners. He administered the Lord's Supper Sunday afternoon to his congregation. The church is crowded to its utmost every session. Rev. Geo. T. Pinkney, pastor of Ebenezer curch on Capital Hill, preached for them on Tuesday night, the sixth instant, when the writer found it almost impossible to get to the church door on account of the immense crowd.

Rev. J. Cooper preached at Zion Mission A. M. E. church Sunday morning, and Rev. Mr. Giles at night.

Bethesda literary association held its first meeting November first, at Ebenezer church with a full house. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Davis, and the choir furnished excellent music for the evening. Capt. Wm. Cornell recited the history of the association, and Miss R. E. Coakley presented some excellent reading which brought forth many applauses. Mr. A. St. A. Smith favored them with a paper entitled The Late Decision on the civil rights cases, which brought forth able discussion in opposition to his views by Messrs. W. C. Chase and G. H. Richardson, and in support of the paper by Lawyer James Dean, of Florida. An able paper was presented by Mr. J. E. Bruce, but for the want of time to discuss it, he has been invited to read the same paper again.

We are sorry to inform the friends of Rev. Wm. Hicks, of Sixth-st, that he is said to be lying at the point of death. He is in his eighty-third year.

We regret to report the illness of Mr. John Booth, janitor of the third police precinct.

Mr. Richard Norris, of west P-street, has just bought a fine farm of thirty-five acres in Alexandria county, Va.

The Ladies Friendly Society are to give a festival at Bethesda Baptist church for the benefit of Hiram lodge, F. A. A. M

NOTICE!
The Peoples' Book Store,
1727 7th St., N. W.

Has all the books used in Howard University, Wayland Seminary, the Public Schools, Grimes-Anderson Academy and Laws' Seminary. We buy old books or exchange them. We have Theological, Law and Medical books, and Stationery also on hand.

NEWS DEPOT.

New York Globe, Christian Recorder, National Monitor, PEOPLES' ADVOCATE. and the other city papers. Nov3-4t.

Hon John Mercer Langston was born a slave in Virginia; is a graduate of Oberlin College and Theological Institution, and as a Lawyer, College President, Foreign Minister and Politician, has exerted a wide influence for the good of his race. He is one of the bravest of the brave in public matters, and his fluence upon young colored men has been wide-spread and admirable. He is now serving as Minister Resident at Hayti and ranks among the best diplomatists of our Government.—*From Williams' History of the Negro race in America.*

GRAND COCNERT!
LINCOLN HALL,
Thanksgiving Evening
(Nov. 29, 1883.)

Miss Nellie Brown-Mitchell,
OF BOSTON.
THE ENTRANCING QUEEN OF SONG!
Supported by
The "Orpheus Glee Club,"
IN ITS FIRST APPEARANCE,
Under the Direction of DR. KIMBALL.
Cards of admission, including reserved seats 50 Cents. For sale at Henry Eberback's Music Store, 915 F Street, near Ninth.
H. F. GRANT, MANAGER.
Nov102t

T. K. RICHARDSON,
Merchant Tailor,
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CUTTING, MAKING, AND TRIMMING A SPECIALTY.
Dyeing, Scouring, and Repairing.

MISS ANNIE K. HUMPHERY,
430 Tenth Street N. W.
Makes Corsets to order in every style and material, and guarantees perfect fit and comfort.
HER SPECIALTIES ARE—
French Hand-made Underclothing, Merino Underwear, and Finest Imported Hosiery. Patent Shoulder-Braces and all Dress-Reform Goods. French Corsets and Bustles. The "Hercules" Supporting Corset, for which Miss H. is special agent, and a $1 Corset, her own make, that for the price cannot be surpassed.
N. B.—French, German, and Spanish spoken.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists. 6s

The Authors' Carnival!
Under the Auspices of the undersigned Young Ladies and Gentlemen, for the Benefit of the
15TH ST. PRESBYTERIAN S. S.,
—AT—
WAYLAND HALL
I St., bet. 19th & 20th, Sts., N. W.,
Commencing
Monday Eve., Nov. 5, '83
And continuing until the 16th, inclusive.

The following will be presented to the one receiving the highest number of votes:
A gold medal to the private or non-commissioned officer of any military company in the District.
A large teachers Bible, with concordance, maps, &c., to the Superintendent of any Sunday School.
A Webster's Dictionary (unabridged,) to the principal of any of the public schools.
A china tea-set, (144 pieces,) to any lady.
Also a handsome card receiving table will be presented to the social club receiving the highest number of votes.
COMMITTEE.
Mrs. Carrie A. Waring, Miss Mattie E. Bruce, Miss Henrietta Myers, Miss Ella Jackson, Miss Blanche P. Brown, Miss Carrie Gray, Miss Hattie Bruce, Mr. N. A. Stewart, S. D. Fowler, J. B. Hyman, Jos. Morrison, J. S. Davis, Alex. Hilyer, Hickman Lewis and others.
Season tickets 50 cents. General admission 10 cents.

A GRAND THREE NIGHT
COMBINATION CONTEST ENTERTAINMENT
AT WAYLAND HALL
I St. bet. 19th and 20th Sts., N. W.
ON THE EVENINGS OF
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21, 22, 23
BUTLER ZOUAVES
vs.
WEBSTER RIFLES.
The consolidation is the largest ever effected for such an occasion, and as it is for the benefit of the respective Companies, we are determined to make this the grandest affair of the season. Therefore, for the mirth and pleasure of our legions of friends we take great pleasure in offering the following extensive programmme:
On *Wednesday Evening*, November 21, at 9 o'clock, there will be a GRAND PRIZE CONTEST SQUAD DRILL by Eight Cracked Drillsmen of the Webster Rifles, known as the Lightning Drillers Capt. Primas, Commanding, *vs.* Eight Noted Drillsmen of the Butler Zouaves who who have borne off many honors.
On *Thursday Evening*, 9 30 o'clotk a Grand Banquet will be tendered the MONUMENTAL CITY GUARDS of Baltimore, Md., who will attend in full uniform.
On *Friday Evening*, at 9.30 o'clock, there will take place the Grandest Cake Walk ever witnessed in these parts; cake to contain $2.50 GOLD PIECE, for which none but noted walkers will contend.
Grand MILITARY PARADE on Wednerday evening at 4.30 o'clock, sharp. All the Military Companies and Clubs of the District are invited. The Webster Rifles will be represented on the left by three Beautifully Decorated Tables, provided with delicious delicacies; while the Butler Zouaves by three on the right with elegant substantials.
The Finest Music, vocal and instrumental, has been secured. Select Readings, etc.
ADMISSION Only 10 Cents.
Oct. 27, 4t.

SMALLWOOD'S DANCING SCHOOL
HALL No. 612 N St. Between 6th and 7th Sts. N. W.
All of the new and fancy dances including the German will be taught. Receptions every Saturday 8 to 11 P. M.
Residence, No. 1139 15th st. N. W.

THOMPSON'S SHIRT FACTORY
CHARLES HYATT, PROPRIETOR.
Fine Dress Shirts to order. Unfinished & Finished Shirts at the following prices
Acme unfinished shirts.....75 cts. finished 90 cts
Peerless unfinished shirts.. .65 cts. " 80 cts
Boys Wamsutta unf. shirts...60 cts. " 75 cts
Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear and Underwear, in correct styles, at popular cash prices.
816 F st. N. W. opposite Patent Office

RHETORICAL AND MUSICAL TENTH
OF THE PUPILS OF THE JOHN F. COOK BUILDING AT LINCOLN HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, 1883.
Proceeds for the purpose of adding to the School Library.
DIRECTORS: Miss M. P. Shedd, Miss. Mary Nalle, L. A. Smith, and others.
ADMISSION . . . . . 25 cents.
Oct. 27, 2t.

THANKSGIVING SUPPER.
The Ladies of the Berean Baptist Church will give their Annual Supper on Thursday evening November 29, in their Church, 18th St. bet. and M Sts., N. W. Tickets, 50 cents
Oct. 20 6t.

The National Benefit & Relief Association.
INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE DIST. OF COL.
This Association provides weekly benefit to Male and Female from $5 to $15 per week. Certificates written up from $500 to $5,000.
All certificates in this Association are incontestible after 5 annual premiums are paid in the Association, thus preventing all litigation in law courts, and disappointment to the beneficiary.
This is the only Association in the States which does this.
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Call for circulars and information to Principal Office, 1103 F Street, n. w., Wash., D. C.
N. B. Responsible Agents wanted; liberal commissions paid.

Autumn & Winter, '83-4.
The fact that my efforts in the past, to produce none but Garments of the Highest Standard of Excellenoe, have been appreciated by my friends, as shown by my Large and Rapidly Increasing Business, has encouraged me to still Greater Exertions for the Fall and Winter Season. My Collection of
FINE FABRICS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR
is now Complete, and it will afford me pleasure to have you see what I think, as Large and Handsome an Assortment of New Goods as can be shown by any of the Best Houses in the Largest Cities. My Manufacturing Facilities have been Increased. I will be Prepared to Execute All Orders Promptly. Samples Mailed on Application.
GEORGE T. KEEN,
Artist Tailor and Importer of Fine wollens,
414 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia with power to establish subordinate councils in any part of the U. S.
OBJECTS.
To unite fraternally all men of sound body, health and good moral character between 20 and 55 years of age, so as to secure the payment of ultimately of $500, within 60 days after satisfactory proof of death of any member in good standing, to his widow or to such other person or persons as he may direct.
A copy of the constitution or such other information as may be desired can be obtained by applying to F. L. CARDOZO, Secretary, 1463 Pierce Place, Washington, D. C.
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June 29. 1y.

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Can obtain SMALL LOANS by applying to J. E. MASON.
Office: Room No. 4, s. w. corner 10th and F sts., n. w.
All notices promptly attended to.
Oct. 6-tf

STORER COLLEGE:
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ACADEMIC AND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
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YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
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Expenses from $4 to $10 per month.
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Are You Ready to Buy
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If so, I am prepared to show you FULL LINES of
KEEP'S ELEGANT NECKWEAR,
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THE BEST ONE DOLLAR WHITE DRESS SHIRT
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BUY KEEP'S GOODS
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OLIVER P. BURDETT
427 Seventh St. N. W.
Sole Agent for District of Columbia.

JENNIE'S GRADUATION DRESS.

"Now go on with your studying, Jennie. It's useless to discuss the matter."

"But, mother, I don't see——"

"Of course you don't see, dear, but when your father has decided, *he has decided*, you know. Don't think any more about it. Come, I can't spare you but fifteen minutes more. You must help me on Johnny's jacket—just the button-holes, my eyes are so poor."

"Why don't you get Miss Stitchson to make the button-holes?"

"Don't ask me. What did your father say yesterday noon, and again just at supper time? If you will make them I can get the jacket finished to-night. He needs it bad enough."

"Now, mother Mayberry, it's too bad! Tom's suit is shabby, but I don't believe that he cares. One day more won't make much difference, anyway; and I will help on the button-holes to-morrow afternoon, if Prudie don't come for me to practice that duet with her."

"No, no, dear. 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day'—Grandma's motto, you know. I wish you would bear it in mind more than you do. There—now you musn't say another word—keep your thoughts on your lesson. I shan't speak for fifteen minutes."

"At this Jennie resumed her studying, for she was as desirous as her mother was for her to be correct in recitations. She had been dreading this last review in history, which was to determine her rank in scholarship. And her father was anxious that she should stand high at graduation—only three weeks hence. He had even taken pains to go over with her all the battles of our civil struggle and the events of the Franco-German war, the dates were such a trouble to her; and taught her an old method of his own for memorizing such things accurately.

She went on patiently with the words of the book. But I am sorry to say her thoughts wandered to Prudence Winn's new dress, and to a small package in her pocket which she had not yet had the courage—opportunity, she would have said—to show her mother; yet, which she must see this very evening if her long-cherished hopes were to be fulfilled.

A pencil was needed to mark the battle of the Wilderness for her memorizing method, and in taking it from her pocket out came the package also. Her pink cheeks took on a deeper hue as she hastily snatched at it before it fell to the floor, and there was a confused droop of her quivering eyelids before her mother's questioning glance. Not a word was said, but Mrs. Mayberry extended her hand, and Jennie dared not ignore the unspoken request.

"What does this mean, daughter? Jordan & Marsh's shop bill—black silk samples!"—said Mrs. Mayberry, slowly, as she unfolded the little package.

"I wanted to know what it would cost," came the reluctant words, as the girl's nervous fingers turned and re-turned the pages of her history. "Other girls, lots of them, do."

"Do what?"

"Send for samples.

"Without consulting their parents? I hope not, Jennie. How could you?"

There was no answer, and the question was repeated. But before she had time to reply, Mr. Mayberry and Tommy, who had been busy over an hour in the barn looking after the comfort of the little heifer and Nan, her mother, and seeing that Jinks, the old roan, and Daisy, the pony, were all right, and everything about the premises snug and orderly, came hurrying in.

Mr. Mayberry, quick to read faces, saw that something unpleasant was under consideration. Presuming it was the same subject—graduation and its expenses—which had been talked over at tea time, he said: "I've been thinking it all over, Jennie. I can't bear to have you feel unhappy and dissatisfied, and instead of giving money for hiring music that day and evening I'll let the class have the use of our piano, you and Prudence Winn can play well enough for anybody who'll be there. How do you like that? I'll take it to the schoolhouse, and back again, too."

Jennie did not answer. She had not recovered her confusion, and only a sickly smile showed that she understood his suggestion.

"A good idea—don't you think so, mother?" he added, with a little chirrupy laugh, which Mrs. Mayberry answered with another—but hers was forced and hollow.

Tommy saw the samples of silk, still in his mother's hand. "Something for my new jacket trimmings, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Jennie, you might as well tell your father all about it," was the response, in low sad tones.

Jennie began to cry.

"Hi! hi!" said her father, cheerily. "This won't do for a seventeen-year-old young lady. What's up? I don't see anything to cry about. You're getting nervous, sis. Too much study I'm afraid. I shall be glad when you get through this terrible last term. But you're coming out well—that's not the trouble, I hope? Let's run over the battles again, so as to be sure of them." And he took up the book she had pushed aside.

Mrs. Mayberry laid the strips of silk upon the book "What do you think of those?" she said, gently.

"Those?" he asked. "Why, what are they? How came you by them?"

"Is it best for Jennie to have a graduation suit like either of them?"

"Our Jennie? Our little Jennie rigged out like a fifty-year-old? You're joking, wife!"

Jennie had ceased crying, and now looked up anxiously.

"Never was I more in earnest, John."

"Well, I don't pretend to know about these things. But you don't really want it, do you, child? Such a gloomy thing. Why, you ought to have something bright and cheerful then, it seems to me."

"It would be very serviceable," said Jennie, meekly.

"Serviceable, humbug. And then look at the cost of it! Ten—fifteen dollars I suppose."

"More than double that," returned Mrs. Mayberry.

"That settles the question. No, it will not be serviceable for my daughter—not at that price."

"But if I get the school at Stapleton?" asked Jennie.

"Oh! If! Time enough to talk about silk dresses when you've money that you don't know what to do with. If you do teach you shan't begin for over a year."

"More than half the girls in our class will have silks for graduation, Prudie says, and—"

"I suppose she will; she looks like that kind of a girl. And, as usual, her father is going to borrow my mowing machine next summer, and the new plow that I must buy in April. No, no, daughter—no black silk for you yet. However—let me see. I have it now! One of my happy thoughts—just in the nick of time, I declare!"

He drew out his pocketbook, and from its folds took several bank-bills. "Mr. Simonds paid for his hay this afternoon. I'm right glad to get the money just now—was intending it for a certain purpose, a plan your mother and I made a while ago But I've changed my mind within an hour, and, Jennie, if you'll wear the same dress you have on now—this neat gray flannel, with the pretty pink neck-tie—at the graduation, you shall have every cent he paid me, to spend as you choose."

Jennie looked troubled.

"I'll be there to see," he added. "Moreover and likewise," he continued, merrily, "Tommy and I will get as many spruce trees and as much evergreen to trim the school-room as you will accept. And mother'll lend all her plants, every flower-pot, I've no doubt."

"Certainly, with pleasure," responded Mrs. Mayberry.

"The graduation, or commencement, rather—for then you will really begin your life as a woman," said Mr. Mayberry, "ought to be a joyful occasion, and yet a serious and thoughtful one, as you then lay aside childish things and take the first step toward the sober realities of life. And I want you to know, Jennie, that the first step will have much to do in determining your future course. Don't begin with show and extravagance, then, even if you—that is—can afford it; it would not be right or becoming."

"Mike Brady hasn't any overcoat, father, because Mary's got to to have a new gown to graduate in," said Tommy.

"And Mrs. Drayton told me a fortnight ago that Hannah had left the High School on account of the expense of graduation," said his mother.

"Well, I suppose there are others 'in the same box,' as Uncle Russel expressed it. He said to me the other day that he shouldn't be able to take up his note as soon as he expected, next month, his two boy's school expenses are so great this last term."

"All the girls are telling what they shall wear, and I thought—I expected—" began Jennie, in a trembling voice.

"Think of it over night, dear. You have had good teachers, and you are fond of them, I know, and are attached to your mates. You have had many happy hours in the old school-room, and will wish to look back on the last days spent there with pleasant memories. Spend the money—it is yours now—in a way that will give you the most delightful recollection."

"Now, please, let us drop the subject," said her mother, laying the samples on her work-stand, and taking up Tommy's jacket. "Am I to have your help on the button-holes, dear?" she added, quietly.

Jennie gave her a bright smile, gathered up the bits of silk, went directly to the stove and threw them in the fire.

"Button-holes, buttons—anything you say," was her answer, as she seated herself on a stool at her mother's side, that both might sew at the same time.

"How about your batties? Dates all right?" asked her father. "Let me hear them."

She recited them slowly and correctly, ending with a gay laugh, and saying: "I was determined to have them right."

"And you have succeeded. Add another—a victory for General Goodsense, at Mayberry Point. What's the date?"

"Never mind. Graduation day we'll call it, perhaps," and having clasped her purse with a vigorous snap, there was a tinkle of its steel rings as she slipped it into her pocket; and then her skillful fingers ran rapidly through the mazes of button-hole stitch. So Tommy's jacket was completed, and he was glad enough to have it ready to wear the next day.

Graduation day was remarkably fair for March. The school-room was crowded with the parents and friends of the pupils. Everybody admired the decorations of the evergreens and flowering plants, which Mr. Mayberry not only provided, but assisted in arranging.

Not one of the pupils passed more creditably through the exercises than Jennie Mayberry, and certainly not one looked prettier than she in her modest gray dress, with a pink bow at her throat. More than one among the gentlemen visitors inquired who that handsome girl in gray was—"And such easy, charming manners," added some, "And such a fine scholar," said others.

The music—only "Jennie Mayberry's piano, and singing by the pupils"—was liked so well that a persistent *encore* of the last song brought its repetition; during which Mr. Mayberry, bearing a large package, passed slowly up one of the crowded aisles to the teachers' platform. When the singing ceased, all eyes turned in expectation towards him as he carefully unfolded a large picture from its wrappings.

It was a fine engraving in a beautiful frame. "My daughter's gift to the school, in memory of pleasant hours here passed," said Mr. Mayberry to the Principal.

A complete surprise was this, and everybody seemed astonished at the generous gift. In a few words Mr. Mayberry told the story of its purchase. Then it was hung on the wall back of the teachers' desks.

And that is the way that the change in the graduation exercises of the High School at Mayberry Point was brought about; and why the pupils wear their everyday dresses, and furnish their own music, and make the decorations themselves for that occasion. The reason, too, that there is always such a large class to graduate; and that there is less love of dress and finery among the young people of the place; and such good books in its school library; and so many nice pictures on the school-room walls; and those two Rogers' groups in the corner.

Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics—books, new and old, all that interests their brothers. Read and re-show themselves. Good talkers never fail of interest and to charm; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them.—*Youth's Companion.*

Proverbs from Don Quixote.

Welcome that ill that comes alone.
To be lucky only wants a beginning.
Nothing is cheaper than civil words.
Bread is a relief for all kinds of grief.
Let us make hay while the sun shines.
Hell is said to be full of the ungrateful.
A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.
Money, you know, will hide away faults.
Where one door is shut, another is opened.
When God sends His light, He sends it to all.
Great and mighty is the force of rejected love.
Make yourself honey and the flies will eat you.
Alas! all music jars when the soul is out of tune.
Better shame on the face than sorrow in the heart.
Some people go out for wool and come home shorn.

How the Dead Noble Savage is Disposed of.

Dr. H. C. Yarrow, in his work upon the "Study of the Mortuary Customs Among the North American Indians," says the Indian is buried in five different ways:

First, by inhumation in pits, graves and caves; second, by cremation, the ashes being buried in boxes, urns or scattered; third, by embalmment; fourth, by aerial sepulture; fifth, by aquatic burial.

He is buried lying, sitting, standing and on horseback. Sometimes he is laid in a fantastic coffin, bright with feathers; sometimes he is put into a canoe and set adrift.

The Pinos of Arzona generally prepare the grave before the patient dies, and, should he persist in recovering, the grave is left open until he does die. Stone graves, or cists, are rare, although some have been found in Tennessee.

The Utes bury in caves. In many cases the funeral feasts which follow death are wild medleys, in which part of the company lament, while others sing and dance.

Among the Tolkotins of Oregon the deceased, on the 10th day after death is cremated. The widow is compelled to die on the burning pile till her body is covered with blisters. She is then compelled to dip her hands in the liquid fat which issues from the body of the corpse and annoint her face and body with it. When the sinews of the legs and arms of the body begin to contract, she is compelled to straighten those members. For any suspected infidelity, the friends of her husband are at liberty to throw her back on the burning pile, from which she is dragged by her own friends.

Probably the ghastliest performance of the surviving noble savage is the "ghost gamble," a game played for the possession of the property of the deceased. All the property is divided into many small piles, to give each Indian invited to play a chance to win something. One Indian represents the ghost; the players are called in, one at a time, and play against him. If the invited player succeeds in beating the ghost, he takes a pile of goods and passes out, and so on until all the goods are won.

This game, which is peculiar to the Sioux, is played in recent years with cards, but, before the Indian became "civilized," it was played with wild plum stones, variously figured.

The Earth's Great Age

In a lecture at San Francisco, Prof. Wm Denton gave several striking illustrations of the earth's age. First, he said, we had evidence of the earth's great age in the tiny particles of soil beneath our feet. The great trees of California with from 1,350 to 2,350 annual rings of vegetable growth, reveal the fact that these monarchs of the vegetable world were saplings when Nebuchadnezzer was born. The great fallen Monarch of the Forest has been estimated to have been 4,000 years old and grew from seed propagated by older parent trees, and these in turn from grandparents, whose crumbled dust forms a rich vegetable mould to nourish their younger progeny. How many such generations occurred no one can tell.

But older than these are the glacial beds. When these ploughed their way over the surface of North America and Scandinavia they planed out mighty beds and ground and polished down the uneven surface of a former age. In this remote age, the coast of New England was like that of Greenland at the present day. Few geologists will place the glacial period at less than 100,000 years ago. But we could go back still further. In the tertiary strata of California has been found what are called the earliest human remains ever discovered. These existed many thousand years ago, when one-half of New Jersey, one-third of Virginia, all of Florida, part of Texas and Great Britain were under water. The Mediterranean sea was then double its present size, and the Gulf of Mexico extended to Ohio. A large part of California was under the bed of the Pacific ocean, and waters then extended back to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

But older than this period and formation was the underlying stratification of chalk still older was the Triassic, and older yet, the new red sand-stone. Older yet was the carboniferous formation. Then further back was the old red sand-stone, such as comes to the surface in parts of Scotland. Again, still lower, the older Silurian, then the older Laurentian, seen at the surface in Western Canada, and older yet than all these the granite or great underlying rock the parent that thrusts itself up as the backbone of continents, cutting through all others to show us on the surface what is below. What an infinity of time must have passed away in the successive formation of these rocky layers!

Doughnuts.—One large egg, four and one-half tablespoonfuls melted butter or lard, one coffee cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ginger, two of cream tartar, one of soda dissolved in the milk. Mix the cream tartar with flour enough to make the dough just stiff enough to handle, fry in hot lard, take out and lay on brown paper a moment, then in a dish and grate sugar over them first on one side and then on the other; do not allow them to cool before putting on the sugar.

Green Gooseberries for Tarts.—Fill very clean, dry, wide-necked bottles with gooseberries picked the same day, in dry weather, and just before they have attained their full size. Wrap a little hay or moss around the necks in a bottle of cold water, which should be brought very gradually to boil; a little hay must be put in the bottom of the boiler, and the bottles fixed firmly. Let the fruit simmer gently until it appears shrunken and nearly scalded, then take out the bottles, and fill up as many as you can quite full with some of the cooked gooseberries, taking care not to break the fruit. Directly the bottles are full of gooseberries, pour boiling water into the bottles up to the brims, else they will mildew. Tie bladder over the tops immediately, and keep the bottles in a dry, cool place. When the gooseberries are used, pour off the greater part of the water, and add the same sugar as for fresh fruit, of which they ought to have the same flavor and appearance. Prepared in this way, gooseberries are perfectly wholesome, and will keep until the fruit comes in again.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take a cup of tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That was all she said."

"Is your wife a Democrat or a Republican?" asked one Rockland citizen of another, recently. "She's neither," was the prompt response, and then glancing cautiously around and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, he explained, "She's a Home Ruler."

New Ideas About Corn.

We have learned much that is new about corn during the past few years, and much that we have learned has been taught us by boys. The report of the corn crops grown by Vermont boys given in these columns recently is an extraordinary lesson for old farmers, and one of the greatest value. A few years ago it would have been received with incredulity, but the new ideas which now prevail in regard to corn render that surprising statement perfectly credible. What farmer after reading the account given can doubt the possibility of himself reaching the yield of 100 bushels of corn per acre. This record is but one of many that have been given in these columns during the past three or four years, and in each case the conditions of success appear to be the same. This unanimity of result is sufficient to amount to a law, and its requirements may be taken as including everything that is needed for one to reach the same ends. These requirements are very simple and but few in number. They are: The selection of good seed of some established variety; good soil, well prepared; abundant manuring or fertilizing, and the best cultivation frequently given and long continued, and in many cases it has been shown that level cultivation is most effective. Now these requirements are nothing new. Every farmer knows that they are needed for any and every crop and that, when they are provided, the soil responds with alacrity and liberality, and the corps reach the maximum. It is simply doing the best for the soil, always generous and ready to repay back with interest what is given to it. It is the true principle of economy, which is, to use the means we have so as to produce the very best results, knowing that every surplus bushel produced by the addition of fertilizers and cultivation adds to the profit in a larger ratio, because the fixed charges for land, for plowing, for the seed, for planting, for the greater part of the cultivation, for the cutting, handling and hauling are the same for ten bushels per acre grown on poor soil as 100 bushels per acre grown on the richest land.

Air and water are food for plants; they not only contribute to their sustenance, but they assist proportionately in reducing organic matter to its mineral elements and to a soluble condition, and to effect a disintegrating and solvent action of the mineral particles of the soil. The more the surface of the soil is stirred and loosened the more moisture is absorbed and reaches the roots; and as the circulation of moisture and the changes of temperature consequent upon it are necessarily followed by circulation of air, both water and air are, therefore, encouraged to circulate in the soil by frequent cultivation, and thus the desired and necessary effects are produced. One of the largest crops of corn that has been grown, viz., 160 bushels per acre, was cultivated once a week up to the time when the ears were forming, and when the silk had been fertilized; and at this late period a dressing of special corn fertilizer was cultivated into the soil. It is one of the points to be aimed at that the growth of ears and grain should be encouraged rather than that of stalk and leaf, excepting up to a certain size. A stalk nine or ten feet in length is large enough for the purpose of fodder, and if it is not more than one and one-half inches in thickness at the base it is enough. Plenty of leaf growth is desirable because the grain cannot be matured without this; but beyond the requirements of the grain, excessive leaf growth is not of importance.

Now it seems to be proved that frequent cultivation of the soil helps the plant to produce more grain, increase its sexual fertility and prevents abortive ears or vacant spaces in the ears, and this is precisely what we should aim at in growing corn, because we can grow large enough stalks, but we do not very often bring anywhere near maturity the numerous small ears or nubbins, or fill with ears the many husks which appear at the sheaths. If we can succeed in doing this, as has been very successfully attempted by Professor Blount, we cannot tell what the limit of the possible product of corn may be up to 200 or 300 bushels per acre. For if we can produce eight or ten good ears on every stalk upon an acre of ground—and this has been done upon some stalks—we need not stop short of 600 or 800 bushels of grain per acre. Whether we may ever reach the half or the quarter of this no one can tell, but when we consider what has been done it may not be very rash to hint at what may yet be done when we shall have learned the whole secrets of corn-growing. The necessity for thorough cultivation of the soil and the absence of weeds among the plants—frequent and clean cultivation, in fact, is the fourth new idea that we have learned in regard to corn-growing.—*New York Times.*

"Perfectly Lovely."

Even worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is the universally-used and senseless phrase, "lovely." It is applied to anything and everything, of sentiment, of appreciation and seems to stand instead of common sense.

Go into the rooms once, where you expect something better, and where some young ladies in our colleges for her, and where something should be heard. But listen! The first 'lovely' to come;" and, "Isn't the air just lovely?" and, "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely?'"

With these young women, anything that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee, jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

I took a young lady last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen a delightful place.

The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of sickly puns. It is an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they see.

Children catch it who cannot speak plain, and pronounce a doll or plaything "perfly lubly."

Whenever I hear it, I always want to exclaim, "Oh, girls, do stop! Better take up the forcible language of your brothers than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence."

An old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have frequently known it to adorn a tail.

"The press is mighty and will prevail," said the susceptible maiden when she was hugged by her stalwart lover.

The reason why American men became bald-headed at an early age has been explained. They wear their straw hats until the early frosts strike in and kill the roots of their hair.

Where are our Boys?

One of our exchanges asks "Where are our boys at night?" We can't tell. And it would take a prophet or the son of a prophet to tell where some of them are in the daytime. When the first bell rings in the morning the good little boy hies away toward the school house, and as soon as he is out of sight skins off toward the creek for a quiet swim. And when he should be mastering vulgar fractions and the history of his country, he is monkeying up and down the creek, diving off the bank and tying knots in the clothes of the other bad boys. Then he comes back, and at noon turns up at the dinner table as hungry as a bear and hurries back to school. In the afternoon he varies the programme by going down in the woods and having a game of seven up, or learning the mysteries of chewing pipe tobacco down behind the corn cribs near the depot.

We are pained to see this. Instead of studying and becoming wise and great men like we are, they will go the other way and eventually get to be nothing more than mere politicians and members of the legislature. Turn back, before it is everlastingly too late.

We once knew a little boy who wouldn't go to school. He monkeyed around town peddling bills for the shows, ringing bells for auctions, etc., anything under the shining sun to stay out of school. Well, he didn't amount to much as a scholar, but he could swear just like a grown person, chew dog-leg tobacco, and lie like a stump speaker.

There was a great and good man living in the same town who had gone to school when he was young, had been corporal in the militia, assistant secretary in a church choir, wore a plug hat and wanted to go to the legislature. Among his other vast possessions he owned a mule. As he (the mule, not the man) was rather light behind, and it was dangerous within a radius of forty feet from his heels, the statesman posted a sign reading,

"BEWAIR THE MUEL."

People who had been to school read the sign and "bewaired," but this bad boy couldn't read it and he walked up as brave as a lion and took a good look at the animal. The sleepy mule glanced out of the corner of his north eye, and in two seconds the bad boy went through the roof and away up among the twinkling stars until he could look down on the shining spires of the New Jerusalem. A part of him lit over in the next county and a part of him is going yet. His grief stricken parents couldn't gather up enough to hold an inquest over, and it all happened just because this bad boy didn't go to school.

Boys, remember, and when you start for school go there, and you may be wise and great, and some time will be president of the day on the Fourth of July, or may be Lieutenant-Governor.

Andrew's Bazar says: "Gathered waists are very much worn." If the men would gather the waists carefully and not squeeze so like the blazes, they would not be worn so much. Some men go to work gathering a waist just as they would go to work washing sheep, or raking and binding wa eggs, done up in a funnel-shaped brown paper at a grocery.—*Peck's Sun.*

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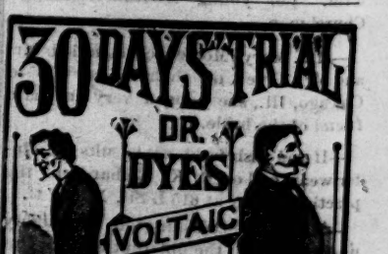

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